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And the dead man said to the king, 'This man whom you mean to flay and burn is the friend of God, and the angels of God serve him. And they have taken me to Paradise, and have shown me a marvellous palace of gold and silver, and precious stones; and when I was in wonder at its beauty they said to me, "This is the palace that Thomas built for thy brother." And when I said, "Would to God that I were the porter at its door," they said to me, "Thy brother is unworthy of it." * * * Then the Apostle was delivered from prison, and the king fell at his feet, and besought for his pardon. * * * And the Apostle said, 'There are in heaven palaces without number, which were prepared from the beginning of the world, and they are to be bought with faith and charity. Your riches may go before you to heaven, but they cannot follow you there! At last the time promised by our Lord came, and St. Thomas received his reward.'

In the absence of any knowledge to the contrary, it is well to believe the tradition which consecrates this place as the scene of his latest labors, and his death. The unparalleled associations that belong to the history of the apostles, flood the scene with 'marvellous glory, and make it a place of pilgrimage for the world. These rocks and plains, this sky, and sun, and ocean, were those upon which the eyes of the Apostle rested in their final moment of mortal weariness. The imagination goes back to that last solemn interview between the incredulous Apostle and his Master. Not faithless, but believing, did that Apostle die at the foot of the cross that he had set up here. And in the midst of the densest darkness of superstition the memory of his death shines, and casts its light forward into that still far distant time, when those who have not seen shall believe.

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

BY WM. DELL SCOTT.

THAT spring, each whistling afternoon
By the lonely cot I went,
And at the window noted soon
Her white neck downward bent,
And face half hidden by the hair,
So quiet, diligent, and fair.

Oft-times I said,—"I know her not!"—
Yet that way home would go;
Till, when the evenings lengthened out,
And bloomed the May-hedge row,
I met her by the village-well,
Whose waters, maybe, broke the spell:

For, leaning on her pall, she prayed
I'd lift it to her head,
So did I: but 'I'm much afraid

Some awkward drops were shed,
And that I blushed, as face to face
Needs must we stand a little space.

Then, when the sunset mellowed thro'
The ears of rustling grain,
And lattices wide open flew,
And ash-leaves fell like rain—
As well as I—she knew the hour,
At noon or eve, I neared her bower.

And, now that snow o'erlays the thatch,
I pass no more: within
The door she waits. I raise the latch,
And kiss her cheek and chin;
And, if to blush her turn it be,
"Thy very dark—I may not see.

London, Eng.

WHY DID THE TAILORS CHOOSE ST. WILLIAM FOR THEIR PATRON?

"King David's confessor is worth a whole calendar of Williams."

LUTHERAN TAILOR.

Why did the tailors choose St. William for their patron? Ah, *why*? I confess it puzzles me to furnish a reply; and I would not be editor of that pleasant paper, "Notes and Queries," if my official hours were to be passed in furnishing answers to such questions.

I can understand why St. Nicholas is the patron of children. The Saint once came upon a dozen or two in a tub, cut up, pickled, and ready for home consumption or foreign exportation, and he restored them all to life by a wave of his wand—of his hand, I should say, but I was thinking of Harlequin; and thenceforth parents very properly neglected their children, knowing that Nicholas was their commissioned curator.

I can comprehend why "St. John Colombine" is the patron saint of honest workmen. I heard Dr. Manning, the other day, tell his story from that thimble of a pulpit in the Roman Catholic chapel at Brook Green. This John was a journeymen tailor (or of some as honest vocation), given to strong drink and hot wrath. He was one day made insanely furious because his real Colombine, his wife, had not got his dinner ready according to order. The good housewife bethought her for a moment, and thereupon, after turning aside, placed before him, not bread, but higgamy; not a loaf and a salad, but the "Lives of the Saints." John dipped into the same, devoured chapter after chapter, and fed so largely on the well attested facts, that he lost all appetite for aught besides. He thenceforth so comforted himself that future editors gave him a place in the catalogue of the canonized.

But this will not answer the query, "Why did the tailors choose St. William for their patron?" Indeed, the digression I have made may be taken for proof that I do not know how to answer the question. But let us at least inquire.

First, there was the Savoyard Saint William, who, when an orphan, abandoned the friends who would have protected him; and after wandering barefooted to the shrine of that saint whom English boys unwittingly celebrate by their grotesque, "only once a year," St. James of Compostella, proceeded to the kingdom of Naples, where he withdrew to a desert mountain, and passed his time in contemplating the prospect before him. He lacerated his skin instead of washing it, and he patched his own garments, when he might have earned new ones by honest labor. But he founded a community of monks and friars, and *ergo* he is celebrated by the hagiographers. A contempt for saponaceous applications, and a disregard of upper appearance or under comfort, have decidedly descended to the brotherhood of tailors from William of Monte Vergine.

Secondly, there was William of Champeaux, who founded the Abbey of St. Victor at Paris. This William was a man of large learning and small means; and he was well content to dine daily on a lettuce, a pinch of salt, and a mouthful of bread. The shadows of dinners which form the substance of tailors' repasts, are reflections from the board of William of Champeaux.

Thirdly, there was William of Paris, the familiar friend of St. Louis, King of France. This bishop, next to piety, was famed for his knowledge of politics; and as tailors ever have been renowned for knowing what is going on "in the capitol," and for discussing such goings on with uncommon freedom, I think we may trace this characteristic of the race to the news-loving and loquacious prelate of eight centuries ago.

Fourthly, there was St. William of Maleval,

of sufficiently ignoble birth to have been a tailor; and who did, in his youth and his cups, what modern young tailors frequently offer to do under similar circumstances, namely, enlist. If our useful friends have not imitated the latter example set them by the Saint, we may trace their love of the pot, at least, to the early model they found in their patron of Maleval; and if often they find themselves in the station-house, lying upon no softer bed than the bare ground, they doubtless find the reflection as feathers to their bruised sides, that it was even thus that the founder of the Guilemites lay in a cave of the Evil Valley to which he gave a name (Male Val), and which before was known by no better than the Stable of Rhodes.

Fifthly, there was William of Gelone, Duke of Aquitaine, whom it took St. Bernard twice to convert before he made a Christian of him; and who had such gallant propensities that he might have been one of the couple sung of in the "Bridal of Triermian," where of three personages it is said that—

"There were two who loved their neighbors' wives,
And one who loved his own."

The well-known gallantry of the tailors, therefore, is an heir-loom from William of Aquitaine.

Sixthly, there was William sometime Archbishop of Bourges, who left to the guild of whom we are treating the example which is followed by so many of its members, and which consisted in utterly dispensing with a shirt. He further never added to his costume in winter, nor diminished anything in it in summer; and they who have taken St. William for a patron are known, though not for the same reasons, to be followers of the same fashion.

Then there was, seventhly, St. William of Norwich, whose father, after hesitating whether to bind him apprentice to a tailor or a tanner, had just placed him with the latter when the lad was seized upon by the Jews, and by them tortured and crucified, in derision of Christ. On Easter Day they put the body into a sack, and carried it into Thorpe Wood, where it was afterwards discovered, and buried, with many miraculous incidents to illustrate the funeral; and where was afterwards erected the chapel of St. William in the Wood. Now, at first sight, it would appear difficult to decide as to what the tailors' guild derived from William of Norwich. But it is only at first sight, and to those unaccustomed to follow a trail, and not determined to find what they are looking for. In allusion to what had befallen the body of St. William, or rather in memory of how that body was conveyed away, after life had been expelled from it, the Norwich tailors first adopted that now consecrated phrase of "getting the sack," and which phrase implies a loss of position, to the detriment of the loser.

But I have not done; Williams are as plentiful as blackberries. There is an eighth, the Abbot of Eskille, who no more liked to play sub-prior to a superior than Garrick liked to play an unapplauded Falconbridge to Sheridan's King John. William of Eskille was a great reformer of slothful convents, by whose inmates he was as much detested as an honest and vigilant foreman is by operatives who work by the day. One thing deemed worthy of mention by his biographers consists in the dreary fact that he wore the same shirt for thirty years. At the end of that time he turned it, and then piously blessed the saints for "the comfort of clean linen." I question if even modern tailors have succeeded in attaining to this extent of saintly uncleanness, but I would not be too certain of that fact. As for what they may further have derived from this excellent person, it is well known, that for an abbot to be called an *Abbot d'Eskille* was the highest possible compliment that could be paid him; and so the phrase fell to other *camaraderies*, and a Tail-